CHAS, WOODRUFF, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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> From the Dublin University Magazine. SFARE ME YET A WHILE.

BY JOHN PISHER MURRAY. Witherato flowers within my garden,
The place thou makest ali forlore
With thy broken limbs out-spre ding,
With thy leaflets jagged and torn,
When from earth my hand would rive thee,
Forth to fling, abandoned, vile,
Closer thou clingest and closer, pleading
"Spare me—spare me yet awhile."

Mutely, thus, thou didst reproach me; "Has thy memory fled with Summer, That thou now would'st dispossess me, Fling from thee with dishonor, My fragrant breath thou hast enjoyed it,
My bloom might wandering eyes beguile;
Oh! if the past may fail to nove thee,
Yet spare me—spare me yet awhile.

"All things lovely in their season, Bloom not ere the appointed, time;
Sleeping within these withered leaflets,
My beauty waits the opening prime,
Spare me—for the Spring in cometh,
Soon the Sun with sultriest smile, Woos me, wins me to thy pleasure,

"Many weeds of human nature. Ragged, poor, and vile as I am, Spring again in glorious feature. If once more you spare them, try them, Pallen sister, brother broken,

Lost to fortune lost by guile, Can'st behold them, heartless, tearless, Nor sp re them-spare them yet awile ! Say, with thy secret heart communing,

Where is the produce of thy Spring;
Where is the ripened fruit thy manhood
Promised still—still fatled to bring.
Go—bethink thee of thy duv, Nor thy tellow-wood revile;
Forgetiul of the hand that holds thee,
Yet spares thee—spares the yet awhile, Spare me, then-my opening bloss oma

Day by day, shall silent woo thee; Like a sudden burst of sun-light. My full-blown strenght shall seem unto thee Sweet as breath of spicy isle.

My fragrance grateful shall peurse thee,

Then anto thy long loved lady, Dedicate my crowning blossom May she wish delight receive it, May she hide it in her bosom.

May I, for his sake who spared me When with woman's wit, or wite. She distress thee, gently whisper, Spare him epare him yet awhile." "For thy lesson, for thy omen,

Gentle monitor, I love thee; Voices from lowly things and common, Outspoke from Nature's heart can move thee, Man-the weeds to fling for from thee. Our soul's garden that defile;

Forebearing, gentle, each with other, To spare him-spare him yet awhile

Have I called thy crowning blossom.

She with secret joy received it,
She conceuled it in her bosom. When with faltering words I pressed her-

Consenting blessed me, as she murmured, Spore me-spare me yet awhile."

A NOBLE VINGINIAN .- The man is still living. who, a native of Virginia, inheriting a large and ample fortune, and for a time, in France, the private secretary of Mr. Jefferson, on his return home deeply impressed by the evil and wrong of slavery, emigrated, with a large number of his own slaves, to the then territory of Illinois, that he might confer on them liberty, and devote his energies to the mighty work of securing the adoption of the State Constitution in that wide region securing freedom to all its inhabitants. Having settled comfortably on lands purchased by him in that territory, for his liberated servants, he spoke he wrote, he published in favor of liberty. And finally as governor of the new territory, exerted an influence which led to the adoption of a constitution forever precluding slavery or involuntary servitude, from the fair and fertile plains of Illinois. How inestimable the benefit! How joyous must be the recollections of Gov. Coles, when declining towards age, to reflect upon the good, which under Providence, he was permitted to accomplish. No honors confered by the hand of Royality no tribute of respect paid by the authorities of a na tion, no imperishable statute or giant monument to his praise, would be so acceptable to a virtuous and noble spirit, as to be remembered as their greatest benefactor-and celebrated, also through all time, in the songs and acknowledgements of a free and happy people.-N. Y. Observer.

A DUTCH ADVERTISEMENT.

Rundway, or stolen, or straid, mine, pig plack Horse, about fourteen or fifteen hands and six inches high. He has got two ears upon his head, both alike Dallas?" but von is placker dan todder. He has two eyes, von is put out, and todder is pon de side of his head, and ven you go pon todder side he won't see you .-Ven he cats much he has a pig pelly, and he has a long dale vot hangs down behint, but I cut it short todder day and now it is not so long as it was pefore rer? He is shod all rount, but his pehint shoes comed off, and now he has only got shoes pefore. He holts up las?" his head and looks gaily, and ven he scairt he jumps apout like everything in the world-he vill ride mit a sattle or a shaze, or a cart, or vill go py himself mithout nopody but a pag on his pack mit a poy or it-he is not very old, and ven he vawks or runs, his head come pefore and his dail stays pehint, only ven he durns rount and gits mat and den his dail comes first, Whoever vill pring him pack, shall pay five tollars reward, and if he prings back de tief det stole risburg in February.' him, he shall pay twenty tollars and ax no questions.

Mystery magnifies danger, as a fog the sun; the hand that warned Belshazzer, derived its horrifying D., elevating his tone, demanded; influence from the want of a body.

SCARED BY A RED HOT GRID-IRON. INITIATION FRUSTRATED.

A number of years since, says the Cincinati Commercial,) when our city was new and there was no splendid halls, the Masonic body held its sittings in the upper story of a well known public house, kept by Major S-t, who was himself a high Mason. As is the case now, many new members were offering, or asking admission into the Fellowship and steamship Cambria, come down to Jan. 17th, and mysteries of this ancient body of brethen. Why it furnish accounts of one of the greatest battles ever is we cannot say, but there are many stories affoat fought by the British in our Indian Empire, in which among the people and there ever have been, that the we have sustained the known loss of 3,000 of our novitiate is introduced to a seat on a red hot gridiron! brave soldiers, including the gallant Sale, Sir J. M. that in making a man free and accepted brother, they Caskill, and Major Broadfoot. When these accounts must undergo a great many interesting ceremonies

On one occasion-and it must be some forty years may be calculated upon. ago, according to our informant of many of the parties of of all the military operations in this great struggle. had passed, and Ned had ever been distinguished for ticulars; the lodge met and a young spruce clerk of of all the military operations in this great struggle. his success with the fair. But he was still "a lone one of the stores came into a lower room of the buil- The result we are proud to say, is as glorious and deding, it having been arranged to initate him that cisive a victory as ever crowned the British arms, evening. He was ordered to remain below until all and equalled only by the field of Waterloo. Prewas ready for his reception. The time dragged, and vious to laying before our readers copies of the more his mind conjuring up what he was about to meet he important despatches we prefix the following brief commenced walking backwards and forwards through outline:-On the 12th, 13th, and 14th of December, the passage leading to the stair-way of the Lodge. the Sikh army crossed the Sutlej, with at the low-On the right of the passage way was the kitchen in est estimate, 80,000 men, (of whom 20,000 or 30,000 which, and directly before him as he passed the door were cavalry,) about one hundred and fifty peices of

vant girl, and she was the only person left with the by Wellington or Napolean. stranger in that part of the house; Betty heard of It is only in morals that the Sikhs are to be ranked the hot gridiron operation of Masons, and knowing as barbarous. They are a race as vigorous in body, that the young clerk was to be admitted that night, as acute in intellect, and as skillful in all the arts they thought she would have a bit of innocent fun. She cultivate, of which war is the chief, as the generality took a large gridiron on which she broiled many a of Europeans. The place at which this formidable steak, and placed it on the fire, in a full view of the host passed the river may be about forty or fifty miles young expectant of mysterious grips; stirring up from Lahore the capital of Punjanh, and within a And vote the thing a bore—
the blazing fire and returned to watch the result.— much less distance of Ferozepore, the most advanced but a social Podunk party. A new face was there Clerky contined to pass and repass the door and ever of the British posts. Ferozepore is about fifteen or and as Ned gazed in the laughing eyes of Miss Tand anon, Betty saw him, cast a wishful giance at twenty miles from the point at which the Sikhs the effect was electric; he was done for, and resolthat fire place! The iron was growing redder and crossed the river, if it is so much. redder every time he passed. He shook his head a The invaders having established themselves and and he was ever by her side; he sang with her, and sigh escaped him? Betty was in ecstacies. To place organized their force on the British side of the Sut- listening to the tones she drew from her harp, he her victim still deeper in agony, she placed a small lej, made some slight demonstration of attacking Fe- swore they were "scraphic"-if 'twere no, Scraph's screen taken from another room, between the fire and rozpere in the interval between the 15th and 18th; harps were sadly but of tune. the door leading to the hall, as if to hide from his but upon the last named day, broke up, and taking the Again he sat in his room, but not as before did ev view the fearful instrument of honorable Torture. Delhi, proceeded in a southerly direction, as if they erything seem mazarine. His countenance beamed As the cunning jade was retreating, the young man with the hand, and a come here of the head, succeed ed in arresting her progress for a moment.

"A-a-a-what is that gridiron on the fire for now," said he, "my good girl, will you tell me?"

"Oh! sir! But I raaly don't like too. It wouldn't be perlite." Oh! never mind! I am exceedingly anxious to

"Why-a-there is a lodge up stairs to night and

"Well, well, I know there is a Lodge upstairs to night. But what is that iron in the fire for? Tell me good girl I pray you? "Why-why-I"

"Speak out. Do? I'm aching to hear." "Why the major told me as how they're going to make a mason to night, and that's ail I know about

That was enough. The oft told tale was true !-That gradiron was for him! A change came over him in a moment. He would not be burned with as hot an iron as that, any how. The putting on of hat and cloak was a momentary affair, he sought the street, ween legs, if ever, did their duty.

Soon after, the brothers having got all things ready the Major came down for his young friend, but Betty who, seeing the result of her fun, and fearing the con equence, came toward her master sobbing and cryor in a most affected manner.

The Major soon learned the story of the young man's flight, also the "ause, and answered: "Never mind, Betty. If he's such a fool as that

One would naturally suppose that the lodge had a fine laugh over that good joke upon the return of the Major. The inevitable conclusion is that the young clerk never offered himself again as a candidate for admission into the mysteries of free and accepted Masons, and a seat on their rascally red hot gridiron.

A LAWYER AT FAULT .- Every body in Philadelbi, we believe, (says the Germantown Telegraph,) knows or has heard of Gotleib Scheerer, a tall robust well-formed German with a small twinkling eve, and look that tells you quite as distinctly as language, that he 'knows a thing or two.' Being called upon the stand as a witness on one occasion, he was catechised rather severely (as the story goes,) by Mr. Dallas, who expected to make out a strong point by eliciting something from the following questions.

"Were you at Harrisburg, Mr. Scheerer, in De-'At Harrisburg in December, did you say, Mr.

'Yes, sir, I said at Harrisburgh in December.'

Putting his head down thoughtfully for a momen Were you at Harrisburg in January, Mr. Schee

At Harrisburg in January, did you say Mr. Dal-'Yes, sir, I said at Harrisburg in January.'

Relapsing into a thoughtful mood for a moment: 'No, sir, I was not at Harrisburg in January.' Well, Mr. Scheerer, were you at Harrisburg in February?

Did you say at Harrisburg in February, Mr. Dal-'Yes, sir-answer me if you please-I said at Har-

Studying for a moment or two as before. 'No, sir, I was not at Harrisburg in February.' Getting somewhat out of patience with him, Mr.

'At what time, then, sir were you at Harrisburg' of all that had transpired.

was never at Harrisburg in my life sir.' Of course the Court adjourned instanter.

GREAT BATTLE IN INDIA. Three Thousand British and Native troops killed and wounded—and reported loss of 30,000 Sikhs-at Moodhee and Ferozeshah.

Our Advices from Bombay, since the sailing of the left the scene of action for Bombay, for transmission besides being shown the grips and signals of the or- to England, there was several regiments from which returns had not been received, so that a further loss

ago, according to our informant of many of the par- An extraordinary Gazettee gives the official account was a large fire burning, it being in that season of the cannon of the largest calibre moveable in the field year requiring artificial heat for bodily comfort.

It so happened that the Major kept an Irish ser more powerful than was ever brought into the field

ert Sale and General M'Caskill fell. The contest in the leaves of a slippery elm. proceeded languidly the 19th and 20th, the armies The whippoorwill whistled his sweet lullaby,

60,000 men. Immagination can scarcely depict the piness"-and, in the words of the Podunk bardury and the obstinacy of the two days fight that must have preceded the capture of the invaders camp, with all its material and artillery, and the utter dis persion of the invading army on the 22d of December. The most fortunnate escaped to islands in the sutlej, or perhaps to the Punjaub Bank but the greater part were scattered in broken parties through the British territories. Their loss is variously estimated at, from 25,000 to 35,000 in killed and wounded. Our loss in killed and wounded, it is to be feared falls little short of 3,300 including 50 European officers.

MESMERISM AND SURGERY. On Tuesday last a surgical operation was performed on a lady in Byron, when she was in a Magnetie sleep, which is of so novel a character, in this vicin-

ity, as to be worthy of notice. The lady is Mrs. Tuttle, the wife of Mr. Nelson Tuttle, a respectable farmer in Byron; the Magnet- of love and passion, but sadly congregate in the iser was Mr. J. C. Walker, a gentleman who is teaching a school in the neighborhood of Mr. Tuttle .- awe as he listens to their dirge Bore-um Bore-um The operation was the removal of a Tumor from the

John Cotes of this village. The facts, as related to us are briefly these: when she was under the influence of Magnetism .-He accordingly Magnetised her seven or eight times be their effect on tender hearts like that of between the 8th and 17th inst., on which day the operation was to be performed as arranged between the Husband and Doctor, though unknown to the

When Dr. Cotes arrived at 12 o'clock, she was in the Magnetic sleep and had been so half an hour. Dr. Lynd of Byron and some fifteen or twenty other persons were present and the operation was performed at half past one, it occupied about three minutes and during the whole performance the patient appeared perfectly tranquil and unconscious of what was going on. The Tumor was about three inches long by two and a half broad and to extirpate it re quired an external incident of near six inches long and then to be dissected from the bone. She was kept in the Mesmeric state for three hours after the

'At Harrisburg? At Harrisburg, Mr. Dallas! I! Whatever opinions may be entertained of Animal Magetism in the abstract, this case is too strongly authenticated to admit of doubt.—Batavia Times.

> From the National Pilot. LETTERS FROM PODUNK. No. III.

MESSES. EDITORS :- You may imagine from the tone of my former enistles, that Podunk is but a matter-of-fact place, at best-that is the destitute of romance, and that it contains few hearts that can love or be loved. Never were you more mistaken; would that you could have seen the friend of my youth, Ned Boreum. His was a bosom framed to throb with passion's power, and his a heart that could answer beat for beat every pulsation he might cause birth Venus was in the ascendant, and that at her bidding Capid left the assembly of the gods to claim him for his own. Be this as it may, thirty years man." One evening, in one of those blue fits which come over bachelors, he sat in his room, ruminating over the uncertainty of human affairs, and the miseries of single blessedness. He gazed upon his toeless stockings, and the comfort of whole hose occurred to him. His eye tell upon his buttonless shirt. and he thought how poorly pins supplied the place of pearl. An occasional twinge of premature rheumatism warned him that youth was fleeting, and he mused on days in future when age should have laid his chilling hand upon him, and there should be no one near to sympathise, to nourish and to cheer .-In such mood his attention was arrested by a note, and he remembered that it was a summons from a went, and found not such a crowd,

As at the bidding of th' elite, Are gathered by the score; To waltz and smirk, grimace and eat,

ved to win and wear. Weeks flew by like hours,

would mask Ferozepore, leaving it on their right .- with smiles; he had just vowed by the wreaths that In this direction a division of 30,000 of the invaders curled lazily from his Havana, that Rosina should be had proceeded about 25 miles to a place called Mood. Mrs. Boreum before the long, cold nights came on .kee when on the evening of the 18th, they were met It was a difficult task, but confidence of success buoy by a part of the British army commanded by Sir Hen ed his spirits, and he ejaculated 'I'm darned if I don't!' ry Hardinge, who as second in command, took the What courage! but it was so like Ned. In an hour run him up over the rail of an awning post, the rope they stood together on the bank of the Pigeon. It A fierce conflict ensued, in which the Sikhs lost was one of those shiny nights when souls like Ned's the artillery attached to their division in number 17 are wont to overflow with music, poesy and love .guns. It was in this stage of the battle that Sir Rob The spot, too, was so romantic. In the distance, hid all in all, it is worthy of the reign of Terror in France.

on both sides being occupied with the burial of their and in a marsh near them the amorous cry of the fedead, and the roorganization of their respective ar- male frog, "I love-I love," (it was leap year-charge mies. During these days the British commander re- not the maiden frogs with indelicacy or boldness,) was General orders issued by Brigadier General Z. Tay ceived some reinforcements; but the invaders having answered by the green-coated, full-chested gentlefallen back upon the main body, probably 30,000 or men, with a surly "who-who?" Our hero stood 40,000, presented a prodigiously augmented force, for a moment, overpowered by the situation, but when the shock of battle was renewed on the 21st, when language came to his aid, it flowed like the The main body of Gen. Taylor's army had marched at a place cal'ed Ferozshar, about 12 miles in retreat "rush of many waters." "Dearest Rose, they tell me that at my birth, the god of love taught my young At Ferozeshar the invaders had prepared a strong- heart how to beat-that Venus rocked my cradle, ly entrenched camp, which they stood prepared to and nursed me as a favorite son-and see, even now defend with 100 peices of their buge artillery and she smiles on me, and lights me on to hope and hap-

He drew her near him, breathed a word Close whispered in his ear— Then, eager, breathless, bent his head, The soft response to hear; It came-"You old, mean, ugly, deceiving villain,

thought you was courting ma," Did you ever see a pullet, that had been soused

water, and held up by the neck to dry-or a henpecked husband, after a lecture night? No? Then you cannot picture the disconsolate Ned, as he looked when he told me the sad tale. Spring came again, and Ned was no more. He lies under the slippery elm, and on the slab that marks the spot are these

"Ne'er trust an epitaph or woman."

That whippoorwill sought no food, but nightly sang his requiem, until she died of sympathy and a broken heart. The frogs no longer speak in terms marsh, and the bosom of the passer-by it filled with

My tale is done; and a friend at my elbow hints shoulder, partly over the joint; the operator was Dr. that he has seen something like it in the Lady's Book or Graham's Magazine, or the Saturday Courier .-But this must be sheer envy, as I am persuaded that Mrs. Tuttle, who is about thirty years of age, has the incidents are so original as they are romantic .een troubled with the Tumor for several years, and That the language is new, you cae vouch, especially when its removal was determined upon, the idea oc- the "passion's power, scraphic" and "music, pocsy surred to Mr. Walker, (who it appears is an adept and love." I would that my tale had been less affecin Mesmerism,) that it might better be performed ting and sad, but if the recollection of such scenes cast a gloom over the most unsusceptible, what must

Yours, R. P.

Com. CRANE.—This officer committed suicide yesterday, by cutting his throat with a razor, in his roo at the navy Department. He locked himself in and had a razor which he brought from his home. The door was broken open, and the razor found in his hand. Com. Crane was in his sixty-second year, and leaves a wife but no children; was quite well off but of morbid mind, and supposed he was going to die for several days past. Under this feeling he committed the rash act. He had resigned his place last week.

Col. Jacob Jones has been appointed to his po as chief of the Bureau of Ordnance and Hydrography of the Navy Department, salary \$3,500 .- Balt. Pat.

Age and Love associate not; if they are ever al operation, making five hours in all, and when Mr. lied, the firmer the friendship, the more fatal is its ter-Walker awoke her she was perfectly unconscious mination; and an old man, like a spider, can never

TRAGEDY AT NASHVILLE. The Nashville Correspondent of the Cinc Herald gives the following account of a recent atro-

cious case of murder and lynching in that City:-"For some time past rumors of a painfully delicate nature have been in circulation in regard to a lady of this City, which coming to the cars of her husban induced him to search for the source whence the emanated. He traced them to a Mr. E. Z. C. Jud son, a man grown notorious of late. They met near the African Church, and the meeting resulted in the death of the lady's husband, Mr. Robert Potterfield, It seems that Judson had been down near the Sulphur Spring, practising with his pistols, and was rein the breast of beauty. The gossips say that at his turning when he met Mr. Porterfield. The latter fired it is said, twice without effect: Judson once, hitting his victim in the forhead, and inflicting a wound of which he died last night. Judson was arrested & taken to the Court House for examination before a Justice of the Peace. Almost immediately as the matter became known, a large crowd collected in and about the Court House, and symptoms of violen began to be manifested.

A brother of the deceased, justly excited against the murderer, went into the Court-room and shot at Judson a number of times. Judson ran out of the door, Porterfield followed and shot several times more as he went down the steps. Judson kept on, and on reaching the door of the City Hotel, Porterfield placed a pistol at his head and fired but Judson dodged, and escaped with only the loss of a lock of hair. Whilst he was dodging about others shot at him, but he had the good fortune to escape. When in the Court House for examination, some of the friend to meet a chosen few on that evening. He crowd were for shooting, others for hanging him, & outside was the cry "fetch him out tous." To continue my parration. Escaped from the crowd, Judson secreted himself in the Hotel, and after a search of some fifteen or twenty minutes, he was discove ed, a rush of hundreds of people was made for him. As he assayed to escape again; he fell from the third story of the Hotel into the yard, and feigning to be dead or dying, the crowd permitted the Sheriff, and his posse to convey him to prison. But for this deception, he would doubtless be torn to pieces."

The Nashville correspondent of the Gazette gives

the subsequent horrible proceedings of the mob; Last night about 10 o'clock, finding that he was still alive, the mob broke into the jail-maimed and almost naked, threw him into the street to be hung. He begged for a minister, which was denied him-he feared not death, but requested to be shot, and begged that if there was any gentleman present that he would shoot him. They took him to the square and broke and he fell, when he was taken back to jail, where he lies to die some time during the night .-Mr. Porterfield was burried this afternoon. Take it I was present, and attended closely to all that occurred of last night's proceedings.

FROM TEXAS.

From N. O. Courier Extra March 14. lor, of the Army of occupation at Corpus Christi.

Galveston, March 12, 90'clnck A. M. The Galveston had just arrived from Aransas Pass towards Brazos St. Jago, and the last regiment, with Gen. T. and staff was to leave this morning. The rumor of a large force of Mexican troops, being a bout to oppose the concentration of Gen. Taylor's forces, had occasioned great excitement. The troops of Gen. T. are said to be in high spirits, in the ex pectation of a conflict with the enemy. The fol lowing orders have been issued:

These orders direct that none but those belong ing to the army shall accompany it. That the innabitants on the Rio Grande shall not be molested nor their civil or religious privileges infringed. And that everything for the use of the army shall be purchased at the highest marke t price.] The 3d brigade commanded by Col. Whistle, con

posed of the 3d regiment of infantry, commanded by Lieut, Col. J. Garland, will take final leave of their ofd Corpus Christi encampment on Wednesday, the 11th inst, to join the main army.

The squadron of transports are to leave on the 20th inst. under the convoy of the cutter Woodbury Capt. Foster and the Steamer Monmouth. The proclamation above has been published in the

Spanish language, ane issued to the inhabitants of the

The first brigade under the command of Brevet Brigadier General Wm. J. Worth, composed of the battilion of artillery, commanded by Lieutenant Col. Thomss Childs, and the 8th, regiment of infantry commanded by Lieut. Col. W. G. Belknap, will leave their encampment on the morning of the 9th for the same destination.

The second brigade commanded by Lient. Col. J. S. McIntosh of the fifth regiment of infantry, under, Maj. T. Brown will strike their tents on the morning of the 10th, and take up the line of march for the depot.

Gen. Mejia is said to have returned to Matamo on the 2d inst. The Mexican troops this side of the Rio Grande (if any) are said to be under the com mand of Garcia Canales, and Severiego. It is reported that Gen. Taylor has made a requisition for more troops. We doubt whether he has done so, or wheth or he will need them.

IRISH Wir.-An American gentleman some years ago, was showing an Irishman the figure of a ship very elegantly painted upon a wall at Harlaem; when the Hibernian after viewing it with evident marks of delight, exclaimed, "By St. Patrick, it is mighty beautiful; I am sure it was never done in this con try." "How can that be said the American, when you see it upon the wall ?" "Arrah! and so it is," replied the other, much embarrassed at his want of observation, but I mean he who did it never was here."

make love, without beating his own death watch. Spell-Vanphilibogohammerhimwell. the factoring the finders that the fit of the fit of the fitter fitters from the fitters fr